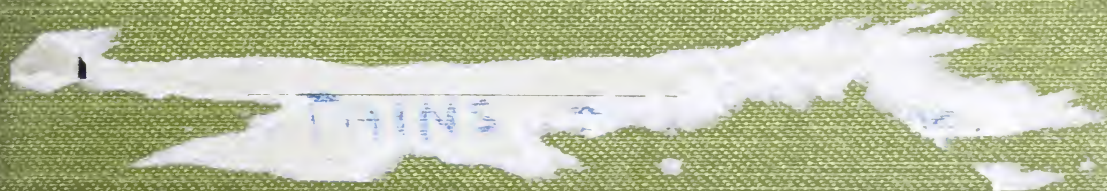
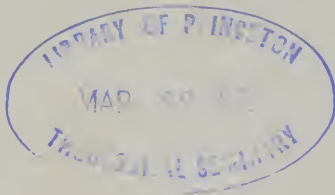


The
CHRONICLE
of the
LONDON MISSIONARY SOCIETY

1926





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Editorial Department
London Missionary
Society.

TO BE RETURNED
TO THE EDITOR,
L. M. S.

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The CHRONICLE

of the
LONDON · MISSIONARY · SOCIETY



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— FIELD WORK IN MADAGASCAR —

"Make straight in the desert a highway for our God."

SOME OF THE CONTENTS :

DAVID JOHNS, 1826-1926—THE UNFINISHED TASK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS—
THE NEW "TARA"—SINDANO'S VILLAGE—"FIREBRAND" ENDEAVOURERS
IN MADAGASCAR

:: ANNOUNCEMENTS ::

THE REGISTER

Arrivals

Rev. Walter and Mrs. Hockett, from Madagascar, via India, April 15th.

Dr. E. J. Peill, from Siao-chang, North China, April 25th.

Rev. C. J. KINNERSLEY, from Samoa, April 27th.

Mr. and Mrs. E. A. HARLOW, from Hong Kong, May 7th.

Rev. W. G. and Mrs. MURPHY and daughter, from Gopiganj, North India, May 8th.

Miss M. STREETER, from Salem, South India, May 10th.

Rev. D. and Mrs. COUPER and son, May 10th.

Rev. F. A. A. and Mrs. RUMPUS and two sons, April 22nd.

Departures

Rev. A. T. Foster, returning to Pareychaley, Travancore, South India, per s.s. *Esquilius*, April 25th.

Miss G. J. Clarke, appointed to Hope Fountain, South Africa, and Miss M. K. Sabin, appointed to Mbereshi, Central Africa, per s.s. *Arundel Castle*, April 30th.

Miss M. E. WALTON, B.A., transferred to Bangalore, South India, per s.s. *Kaisir-i-Hind*, May 15th.

Birth

TATTERSFIELD.—On May 11th, at Ambohimandroso, Madagascar, to Rev. J. P. and Mrs. Tattersfield, a son.

Deaths

WILLIAMS.—On April 7th, on board s.s. *John Williams*, at sea between Papua and Australia, Louisa Caroline, wife of Rev. G. J. Williams, Secretary for Australasia.

WRIGHT.—On April 15th, at Whangerei, New Zealand, the Rev. Robert Stewart Wright, late of Central Africa, 1887-1893, 1902-16, aged 68.

LAWRENCE.—On April 22nd, at Aberdeen, the Rev. W. N. Lawrence, late of Cook Islands and Papua (1883-1918), aged 66.

Watchers' Prayer Union

NEW BRANCHES.

AUXILIARY.	CHURCH.	SECRETARY.
Wolverhampton.	Brewod.	Mr. R. Jameson.
Hammersmith.	Broadway.	Miss V. E. Eccles.
Halesworth.	Walpole.	Mrs. Payne.

Contributions

The Directors gratefully acknowledge an anonymous donation of £5 from a friend who wishes the following lines to appear as an acknowledgment :

*"Back in the home of Thy heart, may we labour,
Others to bring from the wild,
Counting each creature that needs us our neighbour,
Claiming each soul as Thy child."*

Monthly Prayer Meeting

The M.A.C. Prayer Meeting will be held in the Committee Room (top floor) at 48, Broadway, on Friday, June 18th, at 5.30 p.m. Rev. W. Graham Bell, Chairman of the Brixton and Streatham Group, will preside.

Our Stamp Bureau

Foreign and Colonial stamps may be had on approval from Mr. T. H. Earl, 4, Westcliffe, Kendal.

Gifts of good stamps for sale are always welcome. All proceeds go to the funds of the L.M.S.

Luncheons for Business Women.

In the MISSION HALL, Westminster Chapel, S.W.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th, 1926. Subject: "Industrial Conditions in Shanghai." Speaker: Miss Robertson, M.A. (L.M.S., Shanghai). Chairman: Mrs. Chaffey, M.A.

In the MEMORIAL HALL, Farringdon Street.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 23rd, 1926. Subject: "Christianising a Race." Speaker: Dr. Harold Moody. Chairman: Mrs. Stevenson (Secretary of the Women's Guild of the Congregational Union). Time: 1 to 2 prompt. Charge, 1s. 6d.

Wants Department

The Rev. W. G. Brown, Inyati, Rhodesia, would greatly appreciate about some gramophone records for use in the schools.

Miss Lomas, of the Girls' Central High School, Tananarive, has the promise of a set of valuable records for teaching French, and would be glad of the gift of a gramophone.

Rev. T. E. Buck, Ambalavao, Betsileo, Madagascar, would be grateful to friends who will send him tools, new or second-hand, for his carpenter's workshop for boys.

Intending donors are asked to write to the Secretary, Wants Department, L.M.S., 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1., before sending gifts.

M.W.H.S.

Luncheon Hour Talks to Men

In the MEMORIAL HALL, 1-2 p.m. Charge for luncheon, 1s. 6d.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 2nd.—Subject: "Moulding Forces in the South Seas." Speaker: Rev. V. A. Barradale, M.A. Chairman: Norman E. Munns, Esq. Hostesses: The Ladies of Christ Church, Wimbledon.

WEDNESDAY, JUNE 16th.—Subject: "The International Character of Economic Problems." Speaker: W. L. Hitchens, Esq. Chairman: Owen Kentish, Esq. Hostesses: The Ladies of Lavender Hill Church.

A Prize for Authors

A prize of £2 2s. is offered to the writer of the best short story-book for readers of Junior age (9-12). Particulars of subject, length, etc., will be supplied on application to the Literary Superintendent, L.M.S. 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.

ABOUT REMITTANCES TO THE L.M.S.

HOW TO REMIT.—It is requested that all Remittances be made to the Rev. W. Nelson Bitton, Home Secretary, at 48, Broadway, Westminster, S.W.1; and that if any gifts are designed for a special object, full particulars of the place and purpose may be stated. Cheques should be crossed Bank of England, and Post-office Orders (which should be crossed) made payable at the General Post Office.

TO LOCAL TREASURERS.—It is PARTICULARLY REQUESTED that money for the Society's use may be forwarded in instalments as received, and not retained until the completion of the year's accounts. This would reduce the Bank loans upon which interest has to be paid. The Society's financial year ends March 31st.

LOANS TO THE SOCIETY,

With the view of reducing the large amount which is paid in interest on Bank Loans, the Directors wish to state that it would be a great financial help if friends of the Society were prepared to advance sums of £100 and upwards free of interest for periods of not less than three months. In the case of advances for unfixed periods repayments could be made at ten days' notice.

THE CHRONICLE

Of the London Missionary Society

JUNE, 1926

Prisoners' Stories

By H. A. Ridgwell, of Madagascar

IT was Christmas morning, so different from Christmas in the Homeland, with its snow and mists; here it was radiant midsummer.

The day opened in glorious sunshine after the night's ceaseless rain, and on the leaves of trees and flowers the beaded drops of rain still clung, flashing like jewels in the glorious early sunshine.

I had promised to visit the prison that morning, and keep the festival with its unfortunate inmates. I covered the seventeen kilometres on my motor-cycle in about forty-five minutes over an execrable road, but the glories of the morning more than compensated. Arriving, I passed through the low gateway in the high, bare wall, and crossed the rather dreary courtyard to a long, low white-washed room at the end of which was a rough table, a stool and a blackboard, facing several rows of backless forms. The one splash of colour that relieved the drab surroundings was a vase of flowers of all colours quite devoid of any æsthetic arrangement, but heralds of a brighter world without, where the sunshine lent its colour to the flowers. Soon there trooped in a thin line of boys in sloppy suits of khaki, some of them quite small, not more than twelve years old, others nearer twenty. One little fellow, very bright-eyed, with mischief and good nature written all over his face, made one wonder how in all the world he came to be there. (One is not allowed to ask questions.) All these boys—with many others who are written down as Catholics and not allowed to be present at a Protestant service—are serving sentences of from three to ten years in the Penitentiary, mostly for stealing, I believe. Then came a string of fourteen women from the women's prison—the only one

in the island. What a strange medley of faces! Hova women, light of colour and with hair carefully parted from brow to nape of neck, and plaited in numberless tiny plaits most symmetrical; Betsimisaraka women from the East Coast, darker brown, with hair in knobs hanging each side of the temples; heathen negroid women from the practically untouched nomadic tribe of the wild Sakalava, with blue tattoo marks on cheeks and forehead dimly showing on their dark almost black skin, and with the lobes of the ears hanging like cord, almost touching their shoulders. One, an old woman with



The Toilet—Women of the Hova Tribe, Madagascar

wrinkled face and white hair—the one that asked me not long since if evil people like her could be forgiven by God.

At the end of the three rows sat the wardress, a quiet little Hova woman whose heart God has touched with a great desire to bring these Magdalens to the feet of the Friend of sinners.

She has helped us very devotedly for over two years now in teaching and conversation with these outcast women. Her face lights up and her eyes shine as she tells of her charges' quests after Christ. Few can read, but she has taught them Christmas hymns, so that the prison house was transformed that morning as we sang "Christians, awake!" and "Hark! the Herald Angels sing" and "O come, all ye faithful." Then we read the matchless story, breaking it into three parts with a picture and a talk at each stage, a few following hesitatingly in the Testaments we had given them, but most of them just looking intently at me as I read and drinking in, almost for the first time, the sweetly strange story of the Annunciation, then of the fear and wonder of the shepherds as they listened to the Angels' choir, then on to the manger. The motherhood in the heart of those poor benighted women leapt to the story. They literally drank it in, and when the reading was ended we showed them pictures of the little Child lying in the hay while Mary watched beside; they broke out into the characteristic click that always denotes intense emotion. Bethlehem was there a present reality, the little Child had gone straight home to the mother heart!

Our attention was specially roused by the face of R—who sat in the first of the three rows and was, we could plainly see, very near to tears. She is condemned to ten years' imprisonment for trying to kill her child. She was warned by the witch doctor that her child was "ratsy

vintana"—unlucky, having been born on an unpropitious date, and must be put to death to protect the tribe. With anguish of heart she obeyed, and threw the child over a cliff on to a rock below to dash it to death; but an unseen hand overruled, and the child fell clear of the stones on to the sand; but the poor mother was arrested—not the sorcerer—and must wait ten weary years before she can get back to home and freedom. Meanwhile she is finding her way to the Great Heart of the Christ Who was born a little Child and cradled in a manger, but is now the Saviour and Light of all the World.

We hope and believe she will go back to her people some day taking the light of a new-found joy and a liberating faith.



A Lace Maker, Madagascar

Swanwick This Year

SWANWICK, 14TH-20TH AUGUST, 1926.—
"The Church and the Kingdom." Chairmen,
Stanley Toms, Esq., and Miss Muriel Wills.

Conference fee £2 12s. 6d., plus registration fee
of 7s. 6d.

Vouchers for reduced railway fares will be
issued to members.

CAMPAIGN OFFICERS' CONFERENCE, SEPT.
10-14.—Reduced Fee £1 17s. 6d., including
7s. 6d. registration.

A Trip in the New *Tara*

Among Bengal Hamlets



WE were the source of great interest and curiosity to the villagers, who came to the banks and watched the white *Tara* with her green blinds and red petrol tins come speedily down the canals and rivers, making such a strange noise. We waved, but they stood quite still and stared—except one woman, who, in a frightened kind of way, waved back to us.

We landed at various places, and visited homes and schools. Some of the folk are so poor and ill, and scared-looking—most of them bewailed the poor harvest, which at

one time had seemed so promising, but which had been partially spoilt by a plague of insects, who had bored their way into the rice stalks. The children often were frightened of us, and ran away screaming, though some of them made friends.

At other times we walked to distant villages, visiting some of the scattered Christian homes. The rice, for the most part, had been cut, and we had plenty of opportunities of seeing the women at work separating the grains from the stalks, and husking the rice. The method of husking which they used means hard work—I tried, and was glad to stop in a very few minutes.

It was in one of these homes that a small, dusty baby, crawling across the ground,

stopped and had a look at me, and did not begin to cry. I rather breathlessly held out my arms, and he came along and crawled up into them—he was the first baby to come of his own accord!

Christmas at Gosaba

We had a very happy and busy Christmas Day. Soon after breakfast a band of Christians came round with banners and flags, singing hymns, and every now and then did a weird kind of swaying dance—sometimes moving round in a circle, and sometimes just swaying from side to side. Church service was to begin at 10 o'clock, and we were there punctually, and sat on mats underneath a tree outside the Church watching the folk arrive. Some came carrying brass plates of rice for their offering—most of them were accompanied by a child or two. The women looked so happy and clean (for the most part) in their fresh white saris, and the men with their brightly-coloured shawls. I was struck with their happy expressions—such a contrast to the fearful furtive looks of some of the folk away in the distant villages.

The service started at last, and we sang hymns to the accompaniment of tom-tom and cymbals. Children wandered about, babies crawled here, there and everywhere. A number of dogs came chasing another dog into our midst, and were dispersed by a member of the congregation who threw a lump of mud at them. Passers-by, with loads on their heads, stopped to listen.



The new motor boat *Tara* starts on its first trip among the villages in the rice swamps

When I was thinking about it all afterwards, I realised that nothing about it seemed strange to me—it was all so natural and happy and homely—and so real, that, though I could understand very little of the words that were being sung and said, I was not conscious then of missing the service I should have been attending if I had been in Woodford.

Afterwards the children were hustled into a line, amid much shouting, and given little round biscuity things. The rice was tipped on to a mat, and measured. We watched a man doing it, and it seemed to me that it was the way in which Jesus would have it done—good measure, pressed down and running over. Then it was bought by one of the richer men, who, with his wife, carried it home in large open baskets on their heads. The money in the plate was counted, and a handful of rice was set aside to be taken to a sick girl who had no money to buy milk.

By two o'clock many folk had gathered outside the compound for sports. I suppose

there were nearly 3,000 of them altogether, some of them wild and uncivilised-looking beings. But the women were graceful, and it was good to see the men and boys running and jumping, and rowing in the boat race. After the prizes were distributed we were asked by the estate managers to give the annas and sweets to the children, a yearly custom, done by the wish of Lady Hamilton. The boys and girls, and babies, were collected and sent into the compound, and two people stood at each of the three gates. By this time the moon was shining brightly, and, with the help of a hurricane lantern or two, we could see fairly well. Seven hundred children were then provided with sweets and biscuits. This took a long time.

We had to be on board the *Tara* by seven o'clock the next morning, so we were up fairly early. I did not want to leave Gosaba.

DOROTHY TAYLOR.

(Reprinted from *Venture*, the Magazine of the Girls' Auxiliary).

The new "Tara," replacing an old boat of the same name, is a motor boat 45 feet by 8 feet, fitted with a four-cylinder English marine engine, by Boulton & Paul (Norwich). The rivers by which the villages are reached often have fierce and sudden storms. The currents are strong and the muddy banks make landing difficult. Safety, speed and comfort are now assured for the visiting missionaries.

New Roads

Paul the Adventurer : Six Episodes from the Life of Paul the Missionary.—By Miss Harriett Byles. (The Livingstone Press : 6d.)

MISS BYLES, as every Yorkshire Congregationalist knows, is a lady of distinction, whose manifold gifts and services have more than justified her election as the first woman Chairman of the Yorkshire Congregational Union. As head of a well-known Girls' High School in the county she has had considerable experience in writing and producing plays for school demonstrations. We had the good fortune to see "Paul the Adventurer" presented in one of our Bradford churches some two years ago and formed the impression that it ought to be made accessible to a much wider public. We rejoice therefore to see it now in print, and trust that it will be taken up in many churches and Sunday schools. Though written rather for adult, or at any rate adolescent, performers rather than for young children, the play should be well within the reach of the histrionic gifts of the average church or school. There are thirty characters, but by judicious duplication the number of actual performers can be reduced to about a dozen or so. Dress and scenery present little or no difficulty to skilful fingers.

The play concentrates upon half a dozen of the most striking episodes in the career of the great missionary to the Gentiles. We see him as a boy in his father's house in Tarsus, already displaying an eager and intelligent interest in foreign lands; we see him making the acquaintance of Timothy as a result of the riot at Lystra; we see him in Luke's house at Troas, hearing the call from the man of Macedonia, and then at Philippi, being

For the Printed Word

released from prison; we see him making his defence before Agrippa, and, finally, chained to a Roman soldier, writing to his friends at Colosse and commending Onesimus to his master ere he departs himself to the Lord whose slave he is. We have a series of very vivid pictures, composed with knowledge and with skill, in which Miss Byles has laid us under a twofold obligation; she makes the New Testament live before us, and she brings home to us once more the missionary motive that is fundamental to Christianity from the first.

One feels the need of a scene to bridge the gulf between Tarsus and Lystra, and in any second edition it should be brought in.

E. J. PRICE.

Braille Missionary Union

There are 5,000,000 Blind in heathen lands, as yet untouched by Gospel endeavour. The B.M.U. supplies hand-made Braille Scriptures, etc., and teachers in foreign fields. Voluntary Copyists are urgently needed, and the process is easily learned. Particulars supplied by the Hon. Secretary of the Copyists' League, Miss Frost, 1, King's Road, Walton-by-Clevedon, Somerset. Hon. General Secretary and Treasurer, Lieut.-Colonel Ayurst, Westbury-sub-Mendip, Somerset.

Headway

The League of Nations Union (15, Grosvenor Crescent, London, S.W.1) has kindly offered to supply missionaries of the L.M.S. with copies of the Union's monthly journal entitled "Headway" on receipt of a postcard. Missionaries are invited to avail themselves of this offer. It is free of expense.

Lepers at Kawimbe

MR. W. DRAPER, of Central Africa, says that the lepers at Kawimbe are a happy lot of people, who give no trouble. Under Mrs. Draper's treatment their sores have all been healed, and they cultivate a big field of beans, potatoes, peas and Indian corn for their own food, thus saving expense. A welcome gift of £30 from the Government has also helped to pay for medicines and appliances.

The Chinese Church, Shantung Road, Shanghai

ON the frontispiece of the May CHRONICLE there is a picture of the fine new church which has recently been erected in the Shantung Road, Shanghai, by a group of Chinese Christians who are in connection with our L.M.S. work.

It was on this spot over eighty years ago that Dr. Medhurst laid the foundation of the work which has now become a strong self-supported and self-governed Chinese Church of Christ.

A few years ago our Society made a challenge offer to this Church, promising to give for their use this valuable site on condition that they raised \$10,000 as a first effort towards the erection of new church buildings. This challenge they accepted. The money was raised and the property handed over to them in trust.

Since then they have, by sacrificial efforts, under the leadership of a prominent business man, Mr. Sisson Nie, the Chairman of the Church Council, raised an additional \$50,000 making over \$60,000, in all (say £6,000). With this sum they designed and built this fine block of buildings, with church, hall, schools, class-rooms and residences. Here every Sunday large congregations meet for worship, and all through the week aggressive Christian work is carried on.

Biting Ants

THIS year we have been greatly troubled with the biting ants. On two occasions it was as much as I could do, with the help of others, to keep them out of our house. Perhaps you know, during the day-time they travel in a line up to about ten

abreast, and the line may be a hundred feet or more long. They are all close together and travel quickly. It is difficult to say how many there are in an army, but I believe there are sometimes, as in this particular lot, about 50,000. As it gets dark, they break up from the line and scatter themselves over a large area, seizing beetles, fleas, jiggers, slugs, and other small creeping things, also mice, rats and snakes, unless they get away quickly. They also will kill goats, sheep, fowls and ducks, unless they are moved out of their way. Small insects they carry away whole to their nest in the ground, and things that are too big to carry are cut up and carried away. I have been turned out of my house and tent a few times by these ants. The Africans have a saying that the chief is not master of his palace when the biting ants are in it. At one time Kawimbe had more ants than I have seen elsewhere, so I gave a shilling for every nest that was found, and in that way I destroyed seventeen nests in one year. There are two left and I hope we shall be able to find them."

(From a letter of W. Draper, Kawimbe, March 9th, 1926.)

The Old Mission House, Kettering

"EXPECT great things from God; attempt great things for God." The bigness of such a challenge is appreciated by youth. And so it was well that the Girls' Auxiliary should meet for Easter Conference in the very house where that challenge was uttered by William Carey. Amid such surroundings it was fitting to discuss "The Service of Youth for the Kingdom of God." Evening talks were based on the prayer of Ignatius Loyola ("Teach us, good Lord, to serve Thee as Thou deservest . . ."); morning Bible study centred around the devotional life of Jesus; and talks, formal and informal, with missionaries, contributed much to the real helpfulness of the time. To Miss Mack Smith, our Secretary and evening speaker; to Miss Paulden, our "Biblewoman," and to Mrs. Hough, of Samoa, our missionary, we owe more thanks than we can say. It was a week-end crammed full of fun and gaiety and inspiration.

A New Venture

AN old friend in a new dress is usually very welcome. All who have used "Talks" for boys and girls of Junior-Intermediate age will be glad to know that the United Council for Missionary Education has been giving a great deal of thought to the newest member of the series, and the result is "Talks on Friends in India." The large, limp, quarto book has gone, and in its place is an attractive little octavo book in which may be found the story of the adventures of five Indian boys and girls, told in six fascinating talks.

The "expression work" section of the book is full of interesting and practical suggestions: while to provide information for boys and girls who choose "individual work" a series of six articles on Indian people, their homes and customs, will be printed in NEWS FROM AFAR from July to December, 1926.

Rev. Thomas B. Lees

ONE of our recently appointed missionaries who has not yet been introduced to CHRONICLE readers is the Rev. Thomas

Baldwin Lees, who has gone out to Northern Madagascar. He will take charge of the Seminary at Imerimandroso on Lake Alaotra during the furlough of the Rev. D. O. Jones.



Rev. T. B. Lees

Mr. Lees comes from Reigate Congregational Church, where his minister was the late Rev. W. A. H. Legg. He completed his course at Hackney College last year and sailed with Mrs. Lees for Madagascar on February 18th.

Better than normal

WE are being urged to "get back to normal"; but all sincere lovers of men as well as all true patriots, will desire a return to something better than normal in the days immediately before us. All Christian activities are needing renewal, and the whole world awaits a worthier revelation of the saving power of the Gospel.

Every worker for the London Missionary Society is definitely asked for a wider appreciation of the place of Christ in human life and a more devoted application of the Gospel to the needs of men for His sake.

The following message is taken from the Annual Report of the Directors:—

"It is the belief of the Directors that a real understanding of the heavy responsibilities undertaken by the Society in the support of its great staff of 295 Missionaries and 7,812 native agents would lead to a deepening of effort on the part of the constituency to sustain more adequately this far-spread work."

The L.M.S. has a great God-given mission to men. All possible friends are asked to support its missionary workers in India, China, Africa, Madagascar and Polynesia.

Home Secretary's Notes

The Annual Meetings

The Annual Meetings of the Society were to have been held during the week beginning May 8th. The general strike made it necessary to postpone the larger assemblies, and these were deferred until the week beginning Saturday, June 5th.

The Annual Prayer Meeting was duly held on Monday, May 10th, under the presidency of Dr. R. F. Horton, and both at that meeting and at the General Meeting of Members which followed it, the attendance was not less than usual.

To the regret of all the Rev. H. R. L. Sheppard, M.A., was prevented by illness from carrying out his intention of preaching the Annual Sermon for the Society. Dr. F. W. Horwood very kindly took the place of Mr. Sheppard and preached a sermon which many of our readers will be glad to have in the printed form provided by the issue of *The Christian World Pulpit* of May 27th.

June 5th at 3.30 p.m.—Children's Demonstration in Westminster Congregational Church.

June 10th at 6.30 p.m.—Annual Public Meeting in the Queen's Hall, Langham Place.

“Firebrand” Endeavourers

Their service for Madagascar By Robert Griffith

“IT is difficult for members of a Christian Endeavour Society, meeting quietly in the Church parlour or schoolroom at home, to imagine the possibility of being regarded as dangerous political firebrands and revolutionaries. But this is the fate that has befallen Christian Endeavour Societies in Madagascar.”

The above is the first paragraph of an article which appeared in THE CHRONICLE of the London Missionary Society for the month of August, 1912.

It exactly described the situation then—and we here produce a picture of some of the firebrands. The two missionaries are the Rev. Walter Hockett and the writer of these notes, and the rest are a few of the Endeavourers’ leaders of Madagascar.

In 1912, under the splendid leadership of the Rev. Walter Hockett, the Christian Endeavour movement became a real moral and religious force in Madagascar. But it was decreed illegal, because according to an old law which dated from the days of Napoleon, no Society of any kind could be formed without the consent of the Government and orders were given to close down all C.E. meetings.

The order mentioned fines and other forms of punishment, which sounded fearful but fortunately caused no panic.

The Malagasy Christians were of the martyr type, and they were prepared to make a stand for the right.

The first step therefore was not to close down but to proceed to make the Society legal. That meant work and wisdom, determination and tact, grace and daring—and

righteousness won, for on the 22nd of January, 1913, a letter was received—short—but long enough. We give it as it appeared in the French language :

Tananarive, 22 Janvier, 1913.

Le Gouverneur Général de Madagascar et Dépendances, à Monsieur Griffith, à Tananarive.

Monsieur,

J’ai l’honneur de vous accuser réception de votre lettre du 6 décembre dernier et de vous faire connaître que j’autorise la formation de la “Jeunesse Chrétienne de l’Imerina.” Agréez, Monsieur, les assurances de ma considération la plus distinguée.

Signé, A. Picquié.

There were those in Madagascar who were thoroughly opposed to any Christian work, and a paper called *Le Progrès de Madagascar* published a number on the 16th of May, 1913, which made a passionate attack on our innocent movement.

This paper has disappeared long ago, but the Young People’s Christian Society is a live wire in the life of the Churches of the Island, and with suitable leadership might become a great power for good in the land.

How we rejoiced and how we turned to and worked harder than ever to win the youth of Madagascar for Christ.

But if there was joy in our hearts there was bitterness in some. The Government had legalised a movement which was to mean much to the religious and moral life of Madagascar.

It was to enable young people to meet under the leadership and superintendence of their missionaries and face up to things that



Some of the Leaders of the Faravohitra Endeavourers in 1920—C.E. in Madagascar.

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were of real importance to them in their desire to grow and develop on right lines.

What do these Endeavourers do?

(1) They have meetings very similar to those held in this country. They sing and pray and speak. Their programmes usually contain more singing than ours do, for the Malagasy are exceedingly fond of music in which they can all join.

(2) They have discussions on Biblical and religious subjects, and woe betide the missionary who is unprepared at *these* meetings.

(3) They do things: Here is an example of their activities. I am just now thinking of one church and what the Endeavourers there did quite off their own bat. They actually came to the missionary to suggest it.

It was during the fever epidemic, and in many of the homes there were so many people sick that there was more danger from death from exhaustion through inability to

prepare food than from the dread disease itself.

These young Christians came to volunteer to fetch water from the springs, pound the rice and cook the food for the homes where the people were down with fever, and they did it and no doubt saved many lives.

Yes, they were real “firebrands,” for if you saw them crouching down blowing the embers to make the grass burn, the place full of smoke and they quite happy singing hymns or telling stories round these fires you would just say how splendid to be such a firebrand.

The French Administration knows now that these young people are not political intriguers, but that inasmuch as they endeavour to be true followers of Jesus they are also law-abiding, loyal subjects of the ruling Government.

They understand what Jesus meant when He said: “Give to Cæsar that which is Cæsar’s, and to God that which is God’s.”

Chellamal the Leper

IN March one of our women lepers called Chellamal, died. She was the most remarkable woman, in [a way, I have ever seen. She was well educated, with rich relations, some of whom have been educated in England—a Christian family, so called. When she became a leper they dropped her like a hot coal, and she came to Neyoor, where her people occasionally sent a little money to support her, though they apparently didn’t care for her at all. She was the most frightful leper I’ve ever seen—covered with sores, blind, only able to whisper, in constant pain, yet she was the life and soul of the place. She kept the women in the home from quarrelling, she kept them reading their Bibles, she kept praying for and with them, and she was always thinking of them. She started all their games and amusements, and she was the moving spirit of everything that has made such a dismal little community into a really happy one. And she was the only one who was blind or bedridden or in pain among the whole lot. And now her body is dead, but we pray that the Christ who was so obviously with her may carry on and keep the same friendly and loving spirit going in the home. Chellamal never thought of herself. I used to see her once a week,

Who pleased not herself By Dr. T. Howard Somervell

and then only for a few minutes, after my weekly visit to the women’s leper home for injections. She invariably asked how Mrs. Pugh was, how everyone else was, whether I had good news from home, or (since my marriage) how my “ammal” was. The week before she died I was alarmed for her, for one reason only—she didn’t ask about these others; it was the first time she had missed, so I knew that something must be wrong, although she had been very bad for some weeks, and was not apparently worse. Sure enough she died a few days later, and just before death said “May God bless you” to Mary, her constant companion, another of the lepers. So even in her death her thought was for others. And as we gathered round her mortal remains last week, missionaries, parson, schoolmaster, elders of the Church, we felt (I hope—I know I did) that we were in the presence of the newly alive soul of one who put us all to shame in her service of her Master, and who will have a brighter crown of glory than any of us who make more splash in the eyes of the world and call ourselves missionaries. Yet, I don’t think she wants a crown of glory for herself—she only wants it to cast it down at once at the feet of her Master, for she was more completely unselfish than anyone I have ever met.

Kuruman in 1925

The Church Confronts Heathenism

By A. E. Jennings

AN Evangelistic Campaign was undertaken by the Church after serious discussion at the half-yearly gathering in August, and it was decided to make a united attack on the heathen centres in the Gamopedi area, where there had occurred a strong outbreak of heathenism culminating in the widespread observance of the circumcision rites, and the Church decided to carry the warfare into the enemy camp. The effect of the Church's impact on heathenism was tremendous, and stirred the village people to the very depths. The campaign took place at the same time as the heathen ceremonies were in progress, and the unique sight of evangelistic meetings cheek by jowl with the celebration of ancient heathen rites in the same village will long be remembered as the outstanding event of the year. The immediate result of the campaign was an addition of over a hundred converts to the Church, and a tremendous spirit of enthusiasm among the Church members themselves. Services were held at villages where the chief and people had publicly declared that they would not have the Gospel preached, and the result is that there is a large open door for the preaching of the Gospel to people who, though not more than fifty miles from Kuruman, have never heard the good news of salvation before. Some girls in the Boyale camp came to the evangelists in all their heathen paint and reed costumes, bewailing their bad luck in that they were prevented from attending the preaching services by the law of the heads of the heathen camps, lamenting that the campaign had not preceded the heathen ceremonies, and asking that arrangements might be made for a further series of meetings at their village after they were released from their vows. Those of the Church party who took part in the campaign, which included not only Church members, but catechumens and even unconverted young people of the regular Church attendants at Kuruman, are all on fire to repeat their efforts at another centre, and the Church has decided at the new year's gathering to inaugurate a second campaign in April, in the Langberg area. It is a note-

worthy fact that all the six unconverted young people who went to assist in singing in the Gamopedi campaign, came back as converts.

The end of the evangelistic campaign should be the beginning of the work of confirmation. Paul said to Barnabas, "Let us return now and visit the brethren in every city wherein we proclaimed the word of the Lord, and see how they fare." The Kuruman Church has adopted this plan, and has sent several deputations to follow up the first campaign, and has now gone forth in force again, a band of about twenty Christians having volunteered for this service. We are hoping for great things from this second visit.



African Women at Boyale Ceremony

IN MADAGASCAR

The L.M.S. has 24 European Missionaries—over 3,000 Malagasy pastors and teachers and 230,000 Christians. The Mission was begun in 1818 by Thomas Bevan and David Jones. Other Missionary Societies in the Island are the Society for Propagating the Gospel, The Norwegians, The Friends and The Mission Protestante Francaise.

Amid the sorrows, which pressed upon the lovers of our nation during the dark fortnight in May, this sorrow was ever-present. In the hour when the nation was called to a redeeming task, it became powerless, because it was divided against itself. In the hour, when it was most needed, it seemed as though it would fail its Lord. Christ called, and in the confusion we could not hear Him. By the mercy of God, peace has come. In this respite, when the discord within the house is stilled, we can hear the call once more. A Divine Task still awaits us. In this hour there comes the call to offer the Grace and Wisdom of Christ to all mankind. *Freely ye have received, freely give.* Our redemption lies in our undertaking this one Redeeming Task; and that is the way to Unity and Peace. Only the Nation that loses its life for Christ's sake shall save it.

THE UNFINISHED TASK OF FOREIGN MISSIONS

By Edward Shillito

I

IT is well that Dr. Robert Speer* should make plain why, and in what sense, there must still be *Foreign Missions*.

There is a deep truth in the plea that all missions are one. There have been false distinctions made between Home and Foreign. But if we are to deal with things as they are, we shall need that specialisation in duty and service, which we call for convenience "foreign." Nothing is gained by a premature merging into one of two distinctive tasks. "Foreign missions represent," Dr. Speer declares, "in their aim, their method and their administration a distinctive and temporary work of the Church. They aim to plant and set in the way to autonomy and self-maintenance the Christian Church in nations where it did not exist. That Church does exist at home. . . . The Christian task at home is as long as time. It will be equally long abroad but there, as at home, it will be the work of the indigenous Church, and not of a foreign mission." Till the day when that indigenous Church in the Mission Fields is able to take up this task, there will be a need for Foreign Missions. They are temporary; the aim of the foreign missionary is to make himself unnecessary; the mission must decrease, the Church increase. This is nowhere admitted more readily than by the missionaries themselves. But in the present hour their distinctive work is not finished.

* "The Unfinished Task of Foreign Missions" (price 12s., postage 6d.).

II

There is nothing un-Christian in making such distinctions. In the letters of Paul indeed there are more varieties of service than we have been accustomed to recognise. They are sharply distinguished one from another. The more strongly he emphasises the spiritual unity of the Church the more sharply he distinguishes the different services by the co-operation of which the Body of Christ lived its life. Apostles, prophets, evangelists, pastors, teachers—some had one gift, some another. The healthy Church then and now would be a scene of rich variety. Its unity would not be secured by a dull monotony of word and service. It would be attained and kept by the fellowship of the Spirit. In the perfect Church each man would fulfil his own calling, but always in the same spirit. In the same way the Christian Church of to-day has everything to gain from a variety of service so long as that springs from the same experience of redemption and is carried through in the power of the same Spirit. If we do not like the word "foreign," let us change it; but the task which is meant by "foreign missions," whether under that name or another, is still a definite, distinctive and necessary variety of service. It needs special workers; it has a distinctive function; it has its own methods and equipment. It has no Gospel of its own; it has no claim to be better than other forms of service; but it is different and therefore for purposes of clear thinking and effective action it must have its own province.

III

It falls to my lot every year to read reports from every station of the L.M.S. If there were any temptation to think that the hour has come to discontinue this distinctive service, those reports would remove that suspicion. The L.M.S., as all who know missionary history and polity know well, has been among the pioneers in the trust which it has put in the indigenous Church. The criticism has indeed been made that it has been too hasty in its desire to leave the new Churches free to stand alone. Whatever truth there may be in this, it bears out at least the claim that the L.M.S. has never gone to its Fields to establish for all time the L.M.S.; it has sought to be a pioneering society, ready to establish the Church of Christ, and to hasten the day when that Church shall be self-governing. In many parts of its Fields there are strong indigenous Churches. The reports from the Field are often the annals of Churches which are free to direct their own life without control from the West. Missionaries often take a place of service in a Church which is under an Indian or a Chinese pastor.

Yet while all this is true, and much has been accomplished, no one can read the Reports without seeing that the work of the Mission as a Mission is not finished. Its precise task is changing in its character, but if the Church in India and China, in Madagascar and Samoa, is to receive the inheritance of the Christian community and to enjoy the revenues of the Christian ages, there is still need of missionaries to go from the Western nations. Is it right that the new Churches should be allowed to pass through follies which have been revealed and judged in Christian history? Should

they be permitted to go down by-paths which only lead to peril, away from the King's Highway? If for no other reason than this, there is still a call for the guidance and counsel that can be carried from the older Churches. And there is still the task of building the builders.

IV

There are in the L.M.S. Fields an amazing variety of Churches. There are Churches of the third and fourth generation. There are others at the very beginning of Christian history in their tribe or village. But nowhere is the commission exhausted which has been trusted to our care. It is true, if the purpose of the Gospel is considered, that there is only one missionary enterprise. It is equally true that there should be no separation between Home and Foreign in the call to prayer. No one has any right to specialise in prayer. But in the distinctive task and method, in the range to be covered, in the call to special service, there is still an urgent necessity that "foreign missions" should have a specific and distinct place in the operations of the Christian Church.

There are some comparisons which always humble us. We have for our encouragement the history of our Society for more than a century and a quarter. We can find in this record inspiration in hours of doubt. Those who began this work had no such encouragement. They went into it with nothing but their faith in the Gospel and the promises of God. They began the work. It is not ours to begin it, neither is it ours to end it. We are under the constraint of the past and of the future. God besets us behind and before. We are in this enterprise at His bidding.

Prayer for a Life of Liberty

*UNVEIL my eyes that I may see
All that Thou hast in store for me;
Unstop my ears that I may hear
Thy kind reproof, or words of cheer.*

*Unloose my tongue that I may give
Thy message, that some soul may live.
Unbind my feet that they may run
On Mercy's errands for Thy Son.*

*Inspire my mind that I may see
The fullness of Thy love for me.
Anoint my heart that I may feel
Thy sympathy with woe or weal.*

*Accept and use me in Thy way,
To hasten on the glorious day
When all the earth shall hear Thy Word,
And know Thy Way of Life, O Lord.*

HOWARD POPE, Chicago. (In the "Missionary Review of the World.")

No Place Like Swanwick

Sectional Discussions at the General Conference

THERE is no place like Swanwick for discussion. Everyone wears a badge bearing his name and address, and no one waits to be introduced—the badge makes the introduction, and lots of people start discussing straight away. Missionaries wear red badges, and can easily be picked out, and in the afternoon and in between conference sessions you will see a missionary in the centre of a group answering questions and telling yarns.

The other people wear different coloured badges according to their special interest—for instance, the Girls' Auxiliary is always green and the Young Men's Union purple; the Sunday School is yellow, the women are pink, the men white, and the Mission House Staff and speakers are blue. Every conference member belongs to one of these sections.

The chief opportunity for discussion is at the sectional meetings each morning from 11.45 to 12.55 (see draft programme and registration form). The Sunday School section meets according to grades, and with the guidance of the leaders mentioned in the May CHRONICLE, discuss all the Sunday School problems they can think of, or have time for. The Girls' Auxiliary has meetings for the discussion of mission problems, and for hearing reports from branches, and one for the Annual Meeting and election of officers. The meetings of its committee are generally too numerous to mention, for the G.A. is growing, and has much business to transact. The Young Men's Section of Swanwick, 1925, was so successful and so keen that their representatives definitely proposed the formation of a Young Men's Union. A decision on this matter will have to be reached this year, and important business connected with the Y.M.U. and the Campaign will find a place in the discussion of this section each morning.

Naturally "The Campaign and our share in it" will provide a subject for discussion in all sections. The Women will give a special session to its consideration and at other sessions will have under discussion some aspect of the L.M.S. work on the Field. A similar programme will be arranged for the Men's Section.

Churches and Sunday Schools intending to send delegates to Swanwick should be sure to appoint them at the June Church meeting.

A few places will be reserved for delegates thus appointed.

Applications and registration fees for delegates to be appointed can be received now; the names of delegates must be received not later than July 20th.

The Campaign Officers' Conference

The attendance at this Conference will not be so large as at the August one, and there will not be the necessity to divide into sections for discussion. The arrangement of the programme gives ample time for questions and discussion after the addresses. Special sessions for the consideration of the best methods of carrying through our Campaign objectives will, we are sure, be of great value; it is good to pool our experiences, and learn from one another. The programme will be found on the registration form.

Bookings for this Conference are coming in steadily, but there are still districts from which, so far, no name of a representative has been received. It is important that every L.M.S. Auxiliary and important Campaign centre should send at least one representative to the Officers' Conference. We have pledged ourselves to serve in a great cause, and we shall be helped and strengthened if we can meet together in actual and visible fellowship at Swanwick.

THE FIRE MAKER'S DESIRE.

*As fuel is brought to the fire
So I purpose to bring
My strength
My ambition
My heart's desire
My joy
And my sorrow
To the fire
Of humankind.*

*For I will tend
As my fathers have tended
And my father's fathers
Since time began
The fire that is called
The love of man for man
The love of man for God.*

From "The Book of the Camp Fire
Girls," W.S.A.

In the Marofotsy Country

Going Ahead
By W. Kendall Gale



WAS away in the Bezanozono country, that lowly unhealthy land, once the basin of a vast inland lake, now dotted with innumerable villages, at that time almost untouched by the redeeming and refining influences of the Gospel, dark, heathen, sordid, unclean both physically and morally. I toiled for five years in that land—laboriously and incessantly—without the semblance of a movement, without being able to start a single new cause, or erect a school; in fact I had to accept failure in that direction, and even retrogression in the five villages where work already existed. A whirlwind destroyed one church, and nothing would induce the people to rebuild. The school suffered the same fate, and that, too, remained a ruin. Feeling that it would be a false move to do the job for them, beyond visiting them occasionally, I did nothing, but left them to their own thoughts, with the ruined church and school to accuse and reproach them. In another village the Government erected an official school, and mine being only a *garderie*, was automatically closed. In yet another the same thing happened. In another the teacher de-camped (tempted by the larger salary offered by the Government), the education department refusing to authorise the new teacher, when found. And so at the end of five years, instead of five churches and four schools, I had four churches only in the Bezanozono country, and not a single school. In the northern part of the Bezanozono to-day, however, there are forty-one churches and seven schools.

It was while I was pioneering among these terrible people that the incident happened. It occurred at the station, and not in the Bezanozono.

A Strange Petition

My wife was holding the fort at home. One day a man appeared—a wild, weird, unkempt creature, his only garments a loin cloth, and what once had been a shirt, was now only a number of holes sewn together. His tousled matted head of hair, his glaring shifty eyes rolling round nervously, were enough to scare the bravest. My wife turning round saw this man prostrated full

length on the floor. Frightened? No, she was used to such sights, though few actually prostrate themselves as this man did. She asked him to rise, inquired who he was, and whence he came. He told her that his name was Rakotomanga, and that he hailed from Ambakireny, at the same time thrusting a dirty, dog-eared, ragged bit of paper about the size of one's palm into Mrs. Gale's hand. "But where is Ambakireny?" asked my wife, "and what is this piece of paper?" He explained that Ambakireny was a village away to the N.W. in the Marofotsy country, and that the paper was a petition asking for a teacher and a church. On the paper were a few trembling crosses, but no names or word of any kind. Truly one of the strangest petitions ever presented to a missionary! But where had those savages got that scrap of paper, or the pencil with which to make those crosses?

A Teacher Promised

The promise of a teacher being given, Rakotomanga turned homeward radiant. You good folks at home have missed much in never having seen the radiance which transfigures the dusky features of a negro who has found Christ, or seen the buoyancy born of the hope of deliverance. Some out here are content with the sordidness of their natures and surroundings; others are intolerant of it, and grope for the altar stairs which lead through darkness up to God.

I returned from the Bezanozono at length, and duly received the petition. My wife can be eloquent at times, and this—when she pleaded for these people—was one of the occasions. I turned the petition over and over and asked her to explain. I am not ashamed to admit that I could not speak, for the debt at the Mission House at the time was £66,000, and we had all received word to retrench wherever possible. How then could I think of opening up new work in a new tribe? So I did nothing; I neither went to Ambakireny, nor wrote, nor sent a teacher, simply because I saw no way of meeting the financial demands consequent upon such a move.

Rakotomanga came again; another seven days' journey across the vast Ketsa range. I was away, but my wife assured him that they should have a teacher. I still sat tight and did nothing. He came again; another seven days' journey over mountain and plain. I kept a reluctant and heart-breaking silence.

He came again ; another seven days' journey across that bare plateau which separates Imerina from the Marofotsy country. I happened to be at home. Rakotomanga and I sat down and discussed the whole situation, but I got no light.

The Importunate Visitor

This matter of Ambakireny began to oppress my wife and myself ; the load of it became a daily burden. We laid it before God, but nothing seemed to happen. Were we flouting a clear call of God in spite of the enormous debt ? I called one of my pastors, gave him a small sum of money for food, and begged him to go out to Ambakireny to spy out the land. I knew what I wanted to do, and what I ought to do, and sopped my conscience by sending a man to look round. He returned to Anjozorobe and reported. We could hesitate no longer. My wife packed my boxes, and away I went in the mono-pousse, closing my eyes to the £66,000 debt, and ignoring the order to retrench. The mono-pousse is a chair between two poles, fixed over a motor-bicycle wheel. On the way the outer cover came off, and the inner tube sprawled out, being cut in several places. There was apparently nothing for it but footing it both going and returning. Crossing a river—with one long thin round pole for a bridge—I slipped and fell, getting an unexpected and unwelcome bath. I walked on, my clothes drying on me. We came to a village called Ambavasambo. I sat down in a vain attempt to repair that tyre. I carefully cleaned all the punctures and tears, prepared the patches, and turning round to reach for my tube of solution, I found a native sitting on it, and all its contents running gloriously in the dust and useless. No, I did not slaughter him, but went to bed in a thoughtful mood. Next morning I went forward on foot, the mountains precipitous and the heat blistering. Before reaching Ambakireny I was burning with internal heat-fever ! I had never taken such a journey before, and ere I reached home I never wanted to see Ambakireny or its people again. Only once since have I ventured across those mountains. When I could leave my stretcher I went round the village to get signatures for the petition to build a church in which to worship God. Without authorisation from the Governor-General you may not even sing a hymn in public, much less meet for worship.

Back across the great Ketsa range I came, being made to realise very vividly what it had cost Rakotomanga to take the journey to Anjozorobe five times. Fever again ; impossible to continue. When I got to Anjozorobe, eventually, I sent in the petition to the Government, only to have it refused for no apparent reason whatever. We tried again, and again, and again. It was years before I could get such a simple and just request granted.

Our Prayers Answered

I reached Anjozorobe at length, several days overdue, and some anxiety at home in consequence. I was met there with great news. A mail had arrived in my absence, bringing among other letters one from an unknown Liverpool gentleman, Mr. Kirkby Raws. His heart had been in the mission field from boyhood, but the way had never opened. Would we choose someone for him, to do in part what he himself would have done had it been possible, and he would foot the bill annually ?

His generosity enabled us to put an evangelist-teacher at Ambakireny, the first ever placed in that wild, dark land. I hadn't the faintest notion on my way back from Ambakireny where I was going to get the money to sustain the pastor I intended to put there, and bad as I was with fever, that burden would intrude itself. Immediately I reached Anjozorobe a solution was found.

But there is a sequel. I was speaking at Great George Street, Liverpool, as L.M.S. deputation in April, 1925. Mr. Kirkby Raws was there. He was an engineer and doing well. He volunteered to come out to Madagascar with me to be my colleague, as a self-supporting missionary. He is here in Anjozorobe with me now. At the moment he is taking photographs of the various mission premises. He has started an industrial department for the boys of the district. He has made a wireless apparatus, fixed up the aerial, and when our high-tension battery arrives from England we shall switch on to Daventry, that we may hear your dismal, daily weather report : "General outlook : unsettled."

When we came out to Madagascar in 1908 there wasn't a single church or mission school in the whole of that vast Marofotsy tribe. When I returned to Anjozorobe in 1918, there were only three. To-day there are fifty-eight and a dozen schools.

Sindano's Village

A Camper's Talk

THE DATE.—A sultry afternoon in July, 1925.

THE PLACE.—A field in Aldwick, Sussex, in which are five tents and a marquée—obviously "a camp."

THE SCENE.—In the centre of the camp, a circle of children, some lying, some sitting on the grass, all listening intently to a story which is being told aloud and which is evidently proving worth listening to.

The youthful audience deserve a short paragraph of description. They are Canning Town children, some twenty-five in number, varying in age from five to eleven, and they are nearing the end of a never-to-be-forgotten holiday at the seaside. Few of them had seen a field before, and only two had seen the sea—then it was a day spent at Southend. So what this fortnight, with its glimpse into a world hitherto completely outside the wildest dreams of these children, meant to each one of them can be better imagined than told, for words would fail.

The story which proved so fascinating on this particular afternoon was one partly true and partly imaginary. The hero is David Livingstone, and for the first time in their lives these children are hearing something of the great missionary doctor, whose

name is so familiar to the more fortunate children in our Sunday Schools.

Sindano, a little African boy, is ill—the picture and plan of his village home are shown from "Talks on Africa To-day"—there is no doctor, no help, till the news spreads that a stranger, a white man, is making his way through the forest and is approaching the village . . . and, so the story goes on, the children listening spell-bound as they hear how Sindano is made better by the white man, who proves to be Dr. Livingstone. How he stays to tell the people about Jesus Christ, how he teaches them of His love—and when the end of the story is reached the little group still sits silently waiting for more; for such stories are all too rare in their lives, and story-telling has been the favourite occupation for hot afternoons since camp started.

But there is something more to come. "Who'd like to build Sindano's village in the sand after tea?" Twenty-five voices all shout, "I would," at the same moment. Tea is a more hurried meal than usual, and twenty-five little pairs of legs run across the field and down the path which leads to the wide stretch of sand between Pagham and Bognor.



Campers from Canning Town and their African Village.

There is something for everyone to do—collecting seaweed, cutting up little sticks for the fences, making mud-huts, collecting small green branches and twigs—and by the end of two hours an African village has appeared in the firm sand.

This experiment proved so successful that every following day there was keen competition between the different "tents" as to which could make the best African village, and great was their gratification on one occasion when a passer-by showed much interest, and asked

to be enlightened as to the subject of the competition. He did not suffer from lack of information!

Summer is almost here again, and if anyone reading this has the chance of being a privileged Leader of a children's camp during the coming weeks, seize the opportunity—it may never come your way again—and don't forget to go armed with some of the "Talks" books, and you will be at no loss for occupation, either for yourself or the children!

F. E. FIGGIS.

"Some an Hundredfold"

How it has been done

THERE is a little village in Devonshire, almost out of the world. It is reached by boat from the nearest town. There is no railway within four miles, and the population is not more than three hundred. In the spring the village is surrounded by plum blossoms, and the lanes are bright with primroses. In the village is a little Congregational Church. There is a membership of about twenty and about as many more (excluding children, of whom there are about twenty-five) in the congregation. Many are old, and in winter dark roads and long distance thin the congregation, so that five-and-twenty is a good audience for the preacher.

Four years ago nine shillings and threepence was the contribution to the L.M.S.—the proceeds of a box held by one devoted woman. This year £43 was raised. How was it done?

For years there had been no deputation. But someone came to live in the village who was devoted to the missionary cause. A deputation was asked for and sent. Interest was aroused, and year by year the contribution has grown till it averages two pounds per member.

How is the money raised?

First we give our Harvest Festival collection to the Society. This accounts for £10; for this is a great day and friends come to help us from neighbouring towns. Then, to keep the interest alive all through the year,

we have boxes in about thirteen homes, "Nesting-boxes," as one of our friends calls them. These, when opened, revealed a further £15. Then the church is not content with one collection a year. On the first Sunday in each month the afternoon collection in church and school is devoted to the Society. This represents another £5. The rest is made up of two donations to Missionary Ships and Medical Missions, the collection when the deputation comes on a week-night (we had over forty persons present to hear him), and half the sacramental collections throughout the year. So the £43 is reached. Sixteen copies of *THE CHRONICLE* and eighteen copies of *News from Afar* are circulated monthly.

It is all very simple. The hearts of the people have been touched, and without any elaborate organisation the result has been reached.

And if it be thought that the church neglects its own concerns and the work of God at home, it may be added that it has not only increased its contribution towards its minister's stipend—a minister who serves also another church across the river, four miles off—but comes second in all the county in its contribution to the County Union funds.

What has been done in this isolated village can be done elsewhere if only the love of Christ is in the hearts of the people and the vision of His Kingdom before their eyes.

Owing to the claims upon our space this month, it has been necessary to hold over some additional articles on Madagascar until the July issue of the "Chronicle." That issue will also have reference to the work of the Young People's Societies of Christian Endeavour.

The Board Meeting

Wednesday, April 28th

WHEN the Directors stood in silent token of respect for those who had passed beyond their sight they must have been deeply moved by memories of happy fellowship and generous service now closed upon earth.

The list was so long that few if any of the members of the Board could have been free from the acute sense of personal loss. The Rev. George Barrett, of Liverpool, had up to his last day a constant and fervent concern for the work of the Society of which he had recently been Chairman. The Rev. F. Lansdown (Leicester), Mr. G. W. Johnson, C.M.G., Rev. W. Jordan (Glasgow), Mrs. G. J. Williams (Melbourne), Miss L. E. Meachen (Almora), Mrs. J. T. Jones (Madagascar), Mrs. Baylis Thomson (Travancore), Rev. E. A. Wareham (India and the Scottish Agency), Rev. R. Stewart Wright (Central Africa), and Rev. W. N. Lawrence (Cook Islands and Papua) had all joined the cloud of witnesses above and left memorable examples of service in many forms.

New Head-quarters

Dr. Berry (Secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales) declared that after every effort to realise the united determination to secure head-quarters in which the Missionary Society and the Congregational Union could join, the Missionary Society could do no other than go forward with the provision of suitable premises for its work. The hope of joint premises must be postponed until some future opportunity occurred.

The Committee charged with making plans for the Society's new offices reported that adequate premises could be erected on the site now held at Westminster without drawing upon the general funds, the amount required being available from the sale of the previous Mission House, and in the capital value of those portions of the present premises not needed by the L.M.S. when the new offices are completed.

The Directors approved of the proposals, and joined with the representatives of the Congregational Union in expressing regret that it had been found impossible at the present time to secure head-quarters which could accommodate both bodies.

The Deficit

Mr. W. H. Somervell (Treasurer) presented the statement of Income and Expenditure for 1925-26, which showed a deficit of

£25,680 in a total expenditure of £260,995. The contributions from the British Isles were nearly equal to those of the previous year, being £136,299 against £136,724. Though the deficit is less than in any of the three previous years, the position is sufficiently serious because those accumulated deficits already exceed the £75,000 allocated to the L.M.S. from the very successful and timely Congregational Union Fund. The Directors called upon the Finance Committee to prepare plans for meeting the needs of the situation.

One very encouraging item in the accounts was the increase of gifts from the Mission Stations, £7,600 against £4,300 in the previous year; this sum, added to the large total of money raised and expended in the field, now makes a total which considerably exceeds the home subscriptions.

The Madagascar Veteran

Dr. R. Kilgour, of the British and Foreign Bible Society, came to the Board to add his testimony to the high value of the literary work of Dr. James Sibree, of Madagascar, who had just passed his ninetieth birthday. Dr. Sibree was present, and received a great welcome as he spoke of his happy association with the Society. His added years had brought him, not the "labour and sorrow" of the Psalmist, but labour and joy.

Readers of THE CHRONICLE will have seen the notes on Dr. Sibree which appeared in the May issue. Another fact deserves a place among them. Of his five children, four have been or are missionaries of the Society: Mrs. Milledge (Madagascar), Jas. W. Sibree (Samoa), Miss Elsie Sibree (Madagascar), and Dr. Alice Sibree (Hong-Kong).

China and America

Mr. F. H. Hawkins (Foreign Secretary, L.M.S.) has recently been attending meetings in New York, one being that of the Trustees of the Peking University. It was announced that a large grant of a million dollars had been made towards the endowment fund of the University by the trustees of the Hall Estate, and similar grants to the Harvard-Peking Bureau for the Higher Study of Chinese and Canton Christian College. The original Mr. Hall began life as an office boy. He discovered a way of making aluminium cheaply, and died worth nine million dollars. He appointed trustees to nurse this money for fifteen years and then to spend it on

education in the Far East (not India) and in the Balkan States. The trustees turned the estate into one of twenty-seven millions of dollars, which are now available for carrying out the testator's wish.

A Doctor for Imerimandroso

The place left vacant by the death of Dr. C. F. Moss, of Imerimandroso, Madagascar, has been temporarily filled by the appointment of Dr. Salomon—a qualified Malagasy Christian.

Missionaries

A serious burden of responsibility is thrown upon the missionaries in South India by the retirement, after long service, of Miss M. L. Christlieb (Anantapur), the Rev. Arthur Parker (Trivandrum), and the Rev. C. G.

Marshall (Trivandrum). Each of them has served nobly in the field in a peculiarly formative period.

The Board received Miss H. L. Hawkrige, B.Sc., returning temporarily to the Girls' High School, Madras; Miss E. E. Sharp, returning to Serowe, S. Africa; Miss Violet Taylor, appointed to Molepolole; Miss Gladys Clarke, appointed to Hope Fountain; Miss M. K. Sabin, appointed as a self-supporting missionary to Central Africa; and the Rev. T. C. Brown, B.A., B.D., returning to South China.

The Board had the satisfaction of welcoming the Rev. Godfrey E. Phillips, M.A., its new Foreign Secretary for India, and the Rev. Nelson Bitton (Home Secretary), happily recovered from his accident, who had returned to his duties with all his usual grasp of affairs.

How to Settle Strife :

An Example from India

THERE have been great happenings in our Gopiganj Mission in the Benares area.

The condition of the bazaar—the vortex of native life—has been going from bad to worse in recent years. Mutual distrust and corrupt litigation increased as the conflicting parties hardened against one another. The rapid spread of the gambling mania added to the disorder. Last February a crisis was reached and the combatants were preparing for blows when the quarrel reached fever heat because the leading merchant was robbed of thousands of rupees worth of cloth.

Fortunately there was one man on the spot who saw a way out. This was Ram Swarup, the Brahmin whose dramatic conversion was recorded in *THE CHRONICLE* in 1915. He has been a wise and faithful friend of the Mission ever since. To Mr. Murphy (the Gopiganj missionary), in camp at Jamua, Ram Swarup sent an urgent message imploring his return. He came, and one by one the contending parties were brought to him with the request that he would act as arbitrator since there was no one else whom all could trust.

Meanwhile, additional armed police had been called in as a precaution by the civil authority. The District Magistrate—a Mohammedan—was consulted, and agreed that Mr. Murphy should act as arbitrator in order to prevent a riot and possible bloodshed. This was no small compliment from such a quarter.

One Sunday evening the church met for prayer, and the leading bazaar merchants met to discuss Mr. Murphy's question: "Is it the wish of all parties that I should arbitrate?" The reply was: "Yes," and the missionary found himself presiding over an elected committee of nine representatives, who patiently sifted the evidence, chiefly with the idea of securing punishment all round. The President's idea was to bring about reconciliation by mutual forgiveness. In the end it was decided to leave the matter in his hands. Then came the great event. Mr. Murphy writes: "I have never before seen our bungalow and compound so full of people. It seemed as if the whole bazaar had turned out to see what was happening. At 4 p.m. the meeting assembled, by 7.15 p.m. a reconciliation was reached, amidst general rejoicing. The leading 'warriors' embraced most fondly—there was a brief silence—then a sigh of relief, which turned into a burst of joyful cheering.

"Many gentlemen exchanged shoes that day, and some lost theirs altogether. When you have such a crowd of callers on one afternoon you can't be responsible for all the shoes left outside the door."

Thus they "buried the hatchet" at Gopiganj. The "hatchet" in India often takes the form of a bamboo stick with lead in the knob. Wise old Ram Swarup saw to the burying of the material hatchets. He stood at the door and confiscated all the sticks before the men entered!

David Johns (1826-1926)

Helper of the Oppressed



THIS year is the centenary of the departure of David Johns for the then very distant and little-known island of Madagascar. These are the dates we have on our records: Sailed May 5th, 1826; Reached Mauritius the end of July, and arrived in Tananarive on August 11th of that year.

David Johns, like his colleague, David

Jones, was born in the county of Cardiganshire and trained at Neuaddlwyd, Card., Newtown, Mont., and Gosport.

It is quite evident that Mr. Johns was a classical scholar and linguist, for he played a very important part in the translation of the Bible into Malagasy; edited and revised the first Malagasy Dictionary, and brought out a new Malagasy-English Dictionary. He also translated "The Pilgrim's Progress" into the language of Madagascar.

His term of service was comparatively short—only fifteen years, but they were very full years, and will be specially remembered in connection with Mr. Johns' efforts to assist and relieve the refugees during the terrible persecutions in the reign of Ranavalona I. One might quite safely say that he gave his life for the persecuted Christians, some of whom he brought safely to England.

The story of Rafaravavy and her companions is one of the epics of the Christian history of Madagascar.

After long months of hiding and distress, these persecuted Christians heard that their missionary friend, Mr. Johns, was at the

coast, and had risked his life to come inland to try and find them and help them to escape, and Rafaravavy and her companions made up their minds to get into touch with him. It was a great adventure. For four days and nights they dared not go to any house lest there should be spies, and often they knew that they were being followed. Rafaravavy knew an officer living near the coast who was a Christian, and managed to send a note to him while they all hid in the jungle to await his reply. They could not go out in the daytime, but one dark night they were all safely led to the officer's house, where they were sheltered and fed while waiting for a boat on which they might escape. At last the ship arrived, and in the darkness of the night they were led into the jungle again. They were told to cut off their long hair, and wait for a messenger who came with a suit of sailor's clothes for each to wear, so that they might pass the coastguards and reach the ship unnoticed. After a long voyage they reached England and stayed here about three years. One of them died here, but the others returned with Mr. Johns to Mauritius, and there they helped other Christians who had managed to escape.

David Johns suffered much from fever at this time, but in June, 1843, we find him again leaving Mauritius and making another attempt to reach Madagascar. He had with him one of the refugees named Joseph Rasoamaka, and at length they reached the Island of Nosi-be. Here he was again overtaken by the dreaded fever, and in spite of the tender care of Joseph Rasoamaka and a white man who happened to be on the island, the great man passed away on August 6th, 1843, at the comparatively early age of forty-seven years.

R. G.

Chinese Jokes

ONCE upon a time Mr. Dollar asked Mr. Copper to dine with him. When they were dining Mr. Copper asked his host a question.

"What is it?" asked Mr. Dollar.

Mr. Copper said: "Everybody is greatly in love with you, but they do not care very much for me. Why is it?"

Mr. Dollar replied: "Because I always do good business, and because I am found everywhere. So they all love me."

"That is not true," replied Mr. Copper. "You say you always do good business and are found everywhere. Pray why have I never seen you in church?"

By Chang Ping Nan

A MASTER was once teaching his pupil arithmetic. He asked him, "What is one plus one?"

The scholar replied, "I don't understand."

The teacher said, "You certainly are a blockhead. Let me ask you again. You are one person. Together with me, how many people does that make? Do you understand now?"

"Oh yes," he replied.

"How many is it?" said the teacher.

"Two blockheads," replied the pupil.

(Translated by H. G. WYATT in *The New Mandarin*.)

FOR REMEMBRANCE

Rev. George Barrett

A Tireless Enthusiast

IT came as a shock to learn that George Barrett was dead. Only a few days before his death he had been preaching at Lyndhurst Road, and had been in the Mission House. But cerebral hæmorrhage seized him; and on Monday, April 19th, he died. He will be greatly missed in many circles—in his church, in Liverpool, and not least in the L.M.S. Of his tireless and enthusiastic service to his churches others have told. It is enough to say that his loyalty to the L.M.S. did not mean any reduction of loyalty in his other service to Christ and His Church. No one can testify of this with more authority than one who, like the writer, followed him in one of the centres, where his name and his service will not be forgotten. When he left Hampstead and Kentish Town for Lincoln, I was invited to follow him, and I can testify to the tremendous energy and the ability which he had shown there, and to his unfailing sympathy with all sorts and conditions of poor folk. It is a significant fact that it was in those years spent in the mission in Kentish Town that he was first drawn into the councils of the L.M.S. This service became

and remained a joy and passion with him to the end. It is this service we must put on record. George Barrett was a model to all directors for his willingness to undertake any service, small or great, to which he might be called. He was always present; always alert; ready to speak with brevity and point upon matters at issue; and above all, ready for the spade-work outside the Board Room. He was busy writing letters for the L.M.S. when his last illness began to show itself. His thoughts dwelt upon his beloved Society when he could no longer write or speak of it. He had hoped to see with his own eyes some of the work of the L.M.S. in the field; in strange and unexpected ways that wish may have been granted. He was an excellent chairman of committees, and as Chairman of the Board in a difficult year he proved himself a wise leader; but if he had held no office, as an ideal director Barrett would have lived in the grateful memories of his friends. To his wife and children, and to his church in Liverpool, our deepest sympathies will be given.

EDWARD SHILLITO.

Mrs. G. J. Williams, of Melbourne

ON April 12th a cable came to the Mission House in London to say that on April 7th Mrs. G. J. Williams, the wife of the Society's Australasian Secretary, had died at sea of heart failure. She was accompanying her husband on a visit to Papua.

Mrs. Williams was a woman of quiet and unassuming character, who never thrust herself into any kind of official prominence, but she had a dignity, an insight and a sparkle of humour which insured that her presence could never be ignored or undervalued. The quiet exterior concealed a peculiarly shrewd judgment. During the journey which I had the privilege of making with them in 1916, I was able at several important points to look to her for guidance, above all on problems where a woman's opinion was of special value. With the shrewdness went a deep-seated kindness and patience, and the result was a rare capacity for wise counsel.

She joined George Williams a little more than a year after he reached Hong-Kong, and worked with him during his pastorate of Union Church. Then in 1902 he became the minister of Sion, Halifax, and again Mrs. Williams played her part in such a way that, though it was only a ministry of five years, the church has still grateful and living memories of her goings in and out among the people. When her husband took up his great work in Australia, Mrs. Williams rendered invaluable service to the Society. Scores must have enjoyed her hospitality every year, and been thankful for the grace with which it was given. She was in much request as a speaker among the Australasian churches. But we shall not go far wrong if we consider that her most significant achievement lay in the inspiration and support with which she stood behind her husband in his more public service. The characteristics earlier stated went to make a Secretary's wife who was known to throw

For Remembrance

the whole of her personality into the cause to which her husband was committed, without ever being betrayed into anything which might even hint at a desire to interfere. In losing Mrs. Williams the Society has lost one who brought to it an unusual spiritual gift, and our sympathies go out to our dear

friend who, at least in the outward life of every day, will have to carry alone a burden which, while she was with him, he was always able to share. We at home would express our special sympathy also with the Australasian churches in their loss.

F. L.

Rev. R. Stewart Wright, of Tanganyika

THE Rev. R. Stewart Wright, who died in New Zealand, had an adventurous career in Central Africa. He was in Rotherham College in the eighties when Dr. Wardlaw Thompson appealed to the students for volunteers to go to what was then a hazardous field—Central Africa. Stewart Wright offered to go, and after a year's medical training in Edinburgh went out with Mr. and Mrs. Picton Jones, in 1887.

At Fwambo and Kavala Island he took his share of the dangers and alarms of pioneer work until he was invalided home in 1890 after smallpox, fevers and privations of many sorts.

Haydon Bridge Church then called him to the pastorate, as it did on two subsequent

occasions between his terms of work in Africa. His love for the field work took him back as an agent of the African Lakes Corporation and afterwards of the British South Africa Company.

In 1902 he rejoined the L.M.S. in Central Africa until 1915, when he came home. Five years later he was missionary Deputation to the Australian and New Zealand Churches and at the end of the tour settled at Maungaturoto near Auckland as pastor of the Congregational Church there.

As a pioneer he had to bear hardships which left their mark upon him, but no man was more eager to go back to the fight and to face with high courage dangers amidst which his comrades had fallen.

D. C.

A Wonderful Conference at Bangalore

An American View

Extracts from a personal letter from an American lady missionary temporarily working with the L.M.S. in South India. The meetings referred to were those of the Bangalore Conference to which the missionaries in the three language areas in South India came, partly for business but mainly for the inspiration of Christian fellowship.

I WISH you were close enough for me to talk, or that I could spare the time to write pages and pages about that wonderful conference. I have been at many conferences that touched their mountain peaks here and there, but I think never to another which attained such a high level from beginning to end. The special addresses were a feast for mind and heart, the devotional periods thoughtfully prepared for by the leaders, and if one can trust to the feel of such meetings as much as I am inclined to believe, hardly less whole-souledly entered into by the rest.

"In the whole gathering of nearly sixty I was the only American, but I hardly see how I could have been made to feel more thoroughly at home by my own countrymen.

"Except now and then when some good-natured banter arose, one simply could not think about differences of race and nation at all.

"People did, however, go quite out of their way to be good to me and to make me feel unmistakably the welcome that I have never through all the months had cause to question.

"It will be no easy thing to say 'good-bye' to this mission—the people are so splendidly worth knowing. I only wish people at home who distrust the English and people who are sceptical about missionaries could have looked in on that group—oh, almost any time—it wouldn't have mattered, for they had no need to fear being taken off guard."

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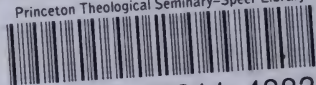
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